DAVID HINE

GERMAN ERRAMOUSPE

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD™

AFTERMATH #1

AVATAR™

DAVID HINE story
GERMAN ERRAMOUSPE artwork
DIGIKORE STUDIOS color
EDISON GEORGE mile high cover
RAULO CACERES all other covers

AVATAR PRESS
WILLIAM CHRISTENSEN editor in chief
MARK SEIFERT creative director
JIM KUHORIC managing editor
DAVID MARKS director of events
ARIANA OSBORNE production assistant

www.avatarpress.com
twitter @avatarpress
fb.com/avatarpresscomics

AVATAR™

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: AFTERMATH #1.
Oct 2012. Published by Avatar Press, Inc.
515 N. Century Blvd. Rantoul, IL 61866.
©2012 Avatar Press, Inc. Night of the Living Dead and all related properties TM & ©2012 Image Ten. All characters as depicted in this story are over the age of 18. The stories, characters, and institutions mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed in Canada.

LOS ANGELES. 1977.

MMMMMUUURRRRGGGHHNNNNN

MMMMMUUUUUNNNHHHHHH

NO! PLEASE... DON'T!

MMMWWWUNNNGGHHH

GAK!

UUNNNNGGHHH

BRRRINNNGGG

OH GOD!

OH DEAR G-O-H-H-H-D-D-D-D!

SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!!

BRRRINNNNGGG

UNNHH, YEAH, YEAH. SHE'S HERE. HOLD ON.

AH FUCK! SORRY, I GOT DISTRACTED. DO YOU NEED ME FOR THE SOUND CHECK?

NO, I'M ON MY WAY. JUST GOTTA FIX MY FACE.

BILLY MESSED MY MAKE-UP.

YEAH, I HEARD THE NEWS. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

THE FIRST REPORTS OF UNDEAD ON THE WEST COAST IN FIVE YEARS AND IT'S RIGHT HERE IN L.A., THE NIGHT WE PLAY OUR FIRST MAJOR GIG.

HELL, NO! WE DON'T CANCEL.

THIS IS TOTALLY FUCKING *HARDCORE!*

I HOPE TO CHRIST WE DON'T GET PULLED OVER WITH THESE IN THE TRUNK.

BETTER IN THE TRUNK THAN RIDING UP FRONT WITH US.

DOWNTOWN L.A.

ITALIAN KING

CLUB X

WHEEEEOOOO

THE CREEPING FLESH

FUCK! WHAT DO THEY WANT?

WE DIDN'T *DO* ANYTHING.

GUESS THEY PICKED UP ON YOUR PARANOID VIBES.

GET OUT OF THE CAR!

SLOW AND EASY. KEEP YOUR HANDS RAISED.

GET DOWN ON THE GROUND!

DON'T SHOOT!

JESUS! IT'S MAKE-UP!

I'M TELLING YOU, SHE'S TURNED! LOOK AT HER!

LOOK AT THE POSTERS. THAT'S HER. SHE'S THE LEAD SINGER OF *THE CREEPING FLESH!*

MAKE-UP? YOU'RE WEARING *ZOMBIE* MAKE-UP?!

YOU KNOW THERE'S BEEN CONFIRMED SIGHTINGS OF *GHOULS* IN THIS CITY?

IS THAT YOUR IDEA OF FUN, YOU GODDAMN STUPID *FREAKS!*

HEY! TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S COMING.

YOU UH... YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T SHOOT THEM EITHER.

THEY'RE FANS.

FANS OF WHAT?

THE BAND. *THE CREEPING FLESH.*

YOU KNOW WHAT? *YOU* MAKE MY FLESH CREEP.

ALL OF YOU, GET OFF THE STREET!

GO PLAY YOUR SO-CALLED MUSIC, BUT WHEN YOU COME OUT OF THERE, ANY OF YOU STILL WEARING THAT *SHIT* ON YOUR FACES, WE'LL *BUST* YOU. CAPICHE?

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO BUST THEM *FOR?* BAD TASTE?

IF IT'S TRUE ABOUT THE OUTBREAK, THE STATE WILL DECLARE MARSHAL LAW.

WHEN THAT HAPPENS, THE GLOVES ARE OFF.

I THINK WE'VE GOT US SOME LATE ARRIVALS.

CHRIST! WILL YOU LOOK AT--

--OH SHIT!

1355

CLUB

GOOD TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU MADE IT PAST THE COPS OUT THERE TONIGHT.

THIS ONE IS DEDICATED TO L.A.'S FINEST. IT'S THE SINGLE FROM OUR UPCOMING ALBUM AND IT'S CALLED...

...PIG MEAT!

VOTE

HEY! HAVE YOU GOT TICKETS? THIS IS A PAYING GIG. YOU CAN'T--

NUH-NNUHHH

AARRRGGHH

WHAT THE FUCK?

ANNE! GET OFF THE STAGE!

THEY'RE HERE!

LET ME GO, BILLY-- YOU *ASSHOLE!*

THIS IS *NOT* A STAGE INVASION...

CLUB

...THIS IS REAL!

WE HAVE TO GO BACK... HELP THE GUYS.

YOU CAN'T HELP THEM. IT'S TOO LATE.

COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

DOA THE RAMONES

EXIT

THIS IS TOTALLY MESSED UP.

YEAH...

HELL OF A GIG THOUGH.

BILLY, YOU ARE A SICK BASTARD.

YEAH, I KNOW. THAT'S WHY YOU LOVE ME, RIGHT?

WE HAVE COMPANY.

IT'S ONE OF THOSE COPS.

WHAT'S HE HOLDING?

KUUKKKHH

RUN! GET OUT OF HERE!

AAAAAIIEEEE

ZOMBIE

DON'T

FRAM

BA

DEAD

ZOMBIE

MOVE IT, BILLY! HE'S NOT GOING TO STAY DOWN!

HELP ME GET THIS SHIT OFF!

GNNNRRR

751

WHAT DO WE DO?

WE'RE GETTING THE HELL OUT OF DODGE-- BUT WE NEED TO STOP AT MY STUDIO FIRST.

DIAL MY DAD'S NUMBER. IT'S ON THE WALL.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I HAVE TO GET SOMETHING. I'LL BE TWO SECONDS.

THE ART OF Rain

IT'S RINGING.

DAD? YEAH. I'M OKAY.

RIGHT, YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED. I'M GOING TO DRIVE OUT THERE TONIGHT.

HE SAYS WE HAVE TO LEAVE NOW, BEFORE THEY CLOSE THE ROADS...

...BILLY! DID YOU HEAR ME?

HUH? YEAH, YEAH... LET'S GET GOING.

HOW COME WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT THIS?

WHAT?

HE FUCKING BIT ME. I'VE BEEN BITTEN BY *A FUCKING DEAD COP.*

IS THAT *HARDCORE* ENOUGH FOR YOU?

SHUT UP, BILLY. IT'S NOT MY FAULT.

YOU CAN'T DEAL WITH IT CAN YOU?

YOU DIDN'T SAY 'HEY, BILLY, LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THAT BLOODY GOUGE ON YOUR CHEEK. LET ME DISINFECT IT FOR YOU...LET ME FIND A FUCKING BANDAID.'

YOU DIDN'T MENTION ME TO YOUR DAD. YOU SAID 'I'M DRIVING OUT THERE'.

NOT *'WE'*, YOU SAID *'I'*.

WELL, MAYBE IT JUST DIDN'T SEEM LIKE THE PERFECT MOMENT TO TELL HIM I HAVE A NEW BOYFRIEND.

YOU KNOW WHAT THE SURVIVAL RATE IS FOR A ZOMBIE BITE?

TWO PER CENT. *TWO FUCKING PER CENT!*

ACTUALLY IT'S ZERO. THAT TWO PER CENT IS DUMB ASSHOLES WHO *THINK* THEY WERE BITTEN WHEN THEY WEREN'T.

IT'S ZERO.

YOU GOT A FEVER YET?

YEAH. I'M SWEATING.

FEVER, DIZZINESS, YOU PASS OUT. YOU DIE. YOU COME BACK.

WHY ARE YOU--?

--YOU WANTED ME TO TALK ABOUT IT. I'M TALKING.

I NEED TO GET SOME AIR.

WHAT ARE WE DOING? WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

JEEZUS! YOU WENT BACK FOR THE GUN. YOU *PLANNED* THIS.

IT'S FOR THE BEST, BILLY.

YOU DON'T WANT TO COME BACK DO YOU? YOU DON'T WANT TO BE ONE OF *THEM?*

YOU'RE GOING TO PUT ME DOWN LIKE A DOG!

HOW COULD YOU BE SO COLD?

PLEASE DON'T...I'M NOT READY YET. LET ME WALK AWAY.

I PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN. JUST LET ME DO THIS IN MY OWN WAY.

FUCK IT. GO ON. GET OUT OF HERE.

I LOVE YOU.

YEAH, SURE. JUST GO.

I'M SORRY, BILLY.

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

Las Vegas
1 MILE

WELCOME
TO Fabulous
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA

PULL OVER TO SIDE OF THE ROAD.

IS THERE A PROBLEM, OFFICER?

IF YOU'RE COMING FROM L.A. YOU KNOW THERE'S A PROBLEM, BALDY.

STEP OUT OF THE CAR AND GO TO THE MEDICAL TENT. YOU NEED TO TAKE A STANDARD BLOOD TEST FOR INFECTION IF YOU WANT TO GO ANY FURTHER.

HEY!

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!

SHIT!

THESE AREN'T BODIES. THEY'RE GODDAMN *DUMMIES!*

UH, YEAH... THAT'S *ART.*

I'M A SCULPTOR.

SISTER, EITHER YOU AREN'T RIGHT FOR VEGAS OR VEGAS ISN'T RIGHT FOR YOU.

EITHER WAY, YOU TURN YOUR CAR AROUND AND HEAD BACK DOWN THE HIGHWAY.

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

YOU KNOW WHAT'S *HAPPENING* BACK THERE?

YOU LIKE ZOMBIES SO MUCH, YOU'LL BE RIGHT AT HOME.

OKAY, LISTEN.

ANNE DANTE IS A FAKE I.D.

YOU NEED TO CALL THIS NUMBER.

SHOOT! I HEARD ABOUT YOU.

DIDN'T YOUR FATHER DISOWN YOU?

YOU SURE WE SHOULD EVEN CALL HIM?

HE MAY TELL US TO LOCK YOU UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY.

JUST DO IT.

LAS VEGAS. *THE SILVER BULLET* HOTEL AND CASINO.

YOUR DAUGHTER IS HERE, SENATOR.

YOU OKAY?

I WILL BE WHEN YOU GET THAT CIGAR OUT OF MY FACE.

UH, YEAH. SORRY. DID YOU COME OUT OF L.A. BY YOURSELF?

YEAH.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FRIENDS?

I DON'T KNOW. WHY?

YOU WANT TO HELP ME GET MY FRIENDS OUT OF L.A.?

I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA.

SO DON'T PRETEND YOU CARE.

JESUS! CAN'T YOU JUST...?

AH, THE HELL WITH IT. WE'LL TALK IN THE MORNING. YOU HAVE THE ROOM NEXT TO MINE. GO GET SOME SLEEP.

YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE.

"WE'VE GOT THIS TOWN LOCKED DOWN TIGHT."

CITY
ARC
Entrance
Alice Diesi Gallery
NEVADA
CLUB
WELCOM
Faboulous
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA